

Brianna Wilson

Title: Rejection Villanelle

I am compressed, crushed so thoroughly as to shatter  
and turn completely, irrevocably to dust.  
Rejection kindles the impossible—the ultimate destruction of matter.

When a hollow rock breaks, its pieces scatter  
away; it loses its structure, its trust,  
as empty receptacles so easily and thoroughly shatter.

Similarly, a heart offered on a silver platter  
leaves behind a hollow cavity; a bomb set to combust  
by means of desperation, a detonation that destroys what matters.

Passion and tenderness sliced through, reduced to tatters  
with a bloodied sword, forgotten, left to rust,  
to weaken, and over time, to thoroughly shatter.

To live or to die, my choice is for the latter.  
When perseverance and pride so completely vanish, I trust  
my vessel to fade away, to destroy its own matter

through the stinging venom of despondence. Standpatter,  
condemnation by rejection's bloodlust  
weakens the soul so thoroughly it shatters,  
lost to time as an impossible destruction of matter.